CINEMA THEATRES

ACADEMY, Rosellini's The Miracle (A Lge). Anna Magnani. Anee De La Nuit (A). J. L. Barrault. Plys. 12.0, 2.55, 5.32, 8.16.

ASTORIA, Charing X Road. Robert Donat in The Cure for Love (U). Scrapbook for 1933 (U). Progs. 12.30, 2.5, 4.55 and 7.45.

CAMEO-POLYTECHNIC, Lan. 2111. Girl (A). "Forces of French Resistance." 2.40, 5.0, 8.15, & Matinee Tuesday, "Benella." 2.9 to 6-. LAST EIGHT DAYS.

CARLTON, "Lost Boundaries" (A). Progs. 12 noon Cont. 10.50, 12.51, 3.19, 5.39, 8.0.

CURZON, Cur. 1731. Open 11.45. Bicycle Thieves (U). 12.0, 1.9, 3.15, 5.23, Marx Bros. A Night at the Opera (U). 1.35, 4.30, 7.50.

DOMINION, Tottenham Court-rd. Holiday Affair (A). 2.40, 5.50, 9.0. A Gangerous Profession (A). At 12.10, 4.15, and 7.25.

EMPIRE, Lond. 10 a.m. (doors 9.45) to 11.30 Esther Williams in Neptune's Daughter (U). at 10.15, 1.5, 3.55, 6.50, 9.45 plus Disney Nov. 5.50 & 9.30. Sat. 5.50, 8.50, 8.45.

GAUMONT, Haymar. The Hunted O'Riordans (A). Buccaneer's Girl (Colour by Technicolor) (U). Progs. 1.0, 2.20, 5.5, and 7.50.

IDRIS, Golders Green. Rep. 3040. That Hamilton Woman (U). Walt Disney Cartoons.

LEICESTER SQUARE TH. (Whi. 6252.) Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, You're My Everything (A). Sep. Perfs. 2.50, 5.50, 8.55. Sun. 4.50, 8.10.

LONDON PAVILION. Cont. from 10 a.m. Sun. from 4 p.m. No Place for Jennifer (A). Northwest Stampede (U).

MARBLE ARCH PAV. The Hunted O'Riordans (A). Buccaneer's Girl (Colour by Technicolor) (U). Progs. 1.0, 2.20, 5.5, and 7.50.

METROPOLE, Vic. 4611. Pinky (A). 2.20, 5.15, 8.30. Streets of San Francisco (U). 4.0, 7.15. Progs. Continuous from 2.50.

NEW GALLERY, Mars. Circus, Queen Gray, Sand (U). Mr. Hampden's Every Evening (U). Progs. 1.50, 4.0, 6.50, 9.40.

NEW VICTORIA (opp. Vic. Stn.). Holiday Affair (U). 2.40, 5.50, 9.0. Desperate Profession (A). 1.5, 4.15 and 7.25.

ODEON, Leicester-square. (Whi. 6111.) Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley, Diana Dors, The Blue Lamp (A). Shows at 1.30, 4.0, 6.30, 9.5.

ODEON, Marble Arch. Pad. 8181. Ida Lupino in "Woman in Hiding" (A). Progs. 12.15, 2.15, 5.10 and 7.40.

ODEON, Tott. Court-rd. Pinky (A) at 2.05, 5.30 & 8.55. The Plunderers (U) at 12.30, 3.50 & 7.10. Last complete performance at 9.10.

PLAZA, "Copper Canyon" (U) (Technicolor). Progs. 11.05, 1.17, 3.32, 5.47, 9.01.

RIAL, Mayfair. Charles Boyer in "Le Rot" (A). Progs. at 12.45, 3.15, 5.45, 8 p.m.

RITZ, Leic.-sq. Ger. 1234. Intruder in the Dust (A). 12.10, 1.55, 4.25, 6.55, 9.30.

STUDIO ONE, At 12.45, 3.40, 6.35, 9.35. At Lunch. "The Glass Mountain" (A). "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (A). At 2.10, 5.5, 8.0.

TIVOLI, Strand. The Cure For Love (U). Scrapbook for 1933 (U). Ginger Nutt's Xmas Circus (U). Feat. Progs. 1.30, 4.30, 7.30.

WARNER, R. Montgomery, "Your Witness" (A). Leslie Banks, Felix Aylmer. 2.50, 5.25, 8.15, 9.20, 8.55. Extra, Mats.-Mon. Frost.

ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

HOTEL, RESTAURANT & CATERING EXHIBITION, Olympia (National Hall). Open daily 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Jan. 25-Feb. 4. Adm. 2s. 6d.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Open weekdays 10-6. Sat. 10-7.

OLYMPIA, Hertzog Mills Circus. LAST 2 DAYS. Cinema Tomorrow, Book Now. Daily, 2.15 & 8.15. Rhe. 5560. 300 Cares, seats.

SOLOMON plays the Beethoven Violin Concerto (B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult), W.A.B. Yesterday at 8.

YUGOSLAV FOLK ART EXHIBITION (invitation for Yugoslav Embassy & Anglo-Yugoslav Soc.). Daily to Feb. 10, 10.30-6.0. Open Sun. ACADEMY HALL, 165, Oxford-st.

THEATRES

ADELPHI, Tem. 7611. Evgs. 7.30. Thurs. & Sats. 2.30. JACK BUCHANAN, Castle in the Air. Irene Manning, Carol BROWNE.

ALDWYCH, Tem. 3232. W. & S. 2.30. Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire," by Tennessee Williams, with Bonar Colleano.

AMBASSADORS, Tem. 1171. 7.30. Tues. 2.30. Sats. 5.15, 8.15. Fallen Angels, by Noel Coward. Hermione Gingold, Hermione Baddeley.

APOLLO, Ger. 2663. Evgs. 7.0. Thurs. 2.30. Sats. 5.0 & 8.30. Wed. 2.30. Sybil Thorndike, Lewis Casson, Marie Lohr, Alan Webb, Irene Browne in Treasure Hunt.

DAMINICUS, Tem. 5040. Bruce Forsyth. Evgs., 7.30. Wed. & Sat., 6.15 & 8.0. Last wk.

CASINO, Ger. 4772. Evs. 7. M., W., Th., S., 2.30. London's Smash Hit Laughter Pantomime, Bruce Forsyth's Little Miss Muffet. Pix.

COLISEUM, (Tem. 3161.) 7.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Dolores Gray in Emile Littler's Annie Get Your Gun. By Johnson & Berlin. Last 3 weeks.

COMEDY, Henry Kendall in On Monday Next. Wed. 2.30. Evgs. 7.30. Wed., Sat., 2 & 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN, OPERA. Evgs., 7.30. La Boheme. Fri. 7, last perf. of The Olympians. Tue. 7, Madam Butterfly.

COVENT GARDEN, SADLER'S WELLS BALLET. Evs. 7. Mat. Sats., 2.30. Thur., Sat., & Mon. next, Sleeping Beauty. Feb. 20, Don Quixote (first perf.). Last week by Festival Ballet.

CRITERION. (Whi. 3216.) Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Sat., 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud, Charles Victor in Travellers' Joy, by Arthur Macrae.

DRURY LANE. (Tem. 8108.) Evenings, 7.0. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Oklahoma! The record glittering musical in town.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 7.30. Mats., Thurs. Sat., 2.30. MARGARET LEIGHTON, HUGH SINCLAIR, ANTHONY QUAYLE in FORTUNE, The Philadelphia Story, by Philip Barry.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Evgs. 7. Th., S., 2.30. Sonia Dresdel, The Third Visitor. Th. & Sat. 2.30.

EMPRESS HALL. 9.45, 9.30, Sats., 2.0, 4.45. "Cinderella on Ice." Skating Musical. Dorothea Beran. 300 artistes at 1,000 performances.

GARRICK, Tem. 4601. 2nd. Yr. Evs., 7.15. Mats., Wed. 2.30, & Sat. 5.0. Robertson Hare, Arthur Riscoe, "One Wild Oat," by Vernon Sylvaine. Dir. by Richard Bird.

GLOBE, (Ger. 1592.) Evgs., 7.15. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. Margaret Lockwood, Griffith Jones, Gold in Ring Round the Moon. A Comedy.

GOLDEN GREEN, (Spe. 0022.) 7.0. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30. Babes in the Wood. Last 2 weeks. Com. Feb. 13. D'OYLY CARTE OPERA CO.

HAYMARKET, Whi. 0832. Evs., 7.15. Mats., Wed. Sat. 2.30. GODFREY TEARLE and WENDY HILLER in "The Heiress."

HIPPODROME, (Ger. 3272.) The Sensational and Spectacular Fellig Derazee Revue from Paris. Twice Nightly, 6 & 8.35.

HIS MAJESTY'S (Whi. 6606.) Briadcon, A New Musical. Evenings, 7.15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2.30. Solid Success.

LYRIC, (Ger. 3686.) Evenings at 7.15. Mats., Wed., Sat. 2.30. Kay Hammond, John Clements in The Beaux Stratagem.

NEW, Tem. 3878. Out Vic. Co. Fri. 7. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (No perf. on Sun.) Last 2 wks. at 7.0 (last perf.) 4th Tues. next, Mantel.

PALACE, Ger. 7 sharp. W., Sat., 2.15. Tom Arnold presents IVOR NOVELLO in King's Rhapsody. All seats bookable from 4/6

PALLADIUM, (Ger. 7373.) Daily, 2.30 & 7.0. Boys in Boots, The Pantomime Maguificent, Tommy Trinder & George and Bert Bernard.

PHOENIX, (Tem. 8611.) Evgs., 7.15. 1st Mat. Sat., 2.30. Gordon Harker, Fred Emney, Alister, The Non-Resident, by Frank Harvey.

PICCADILLY, (Ger. 4506.) Charley's Aunt, Enough to make a cat laugh. Evs., 7.0 Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE, 7.30. W., 2.30. Th. & S. 8. Agatha Christie's Murder At the Vicarage.

PRINCES, Tem. 6596. Nightly, 7 o.m. Mats. W., Th., S., 2.30. Dick Whittington.

PRINCE OF WALES, Whi. 5972. Evgs., 7.30. W., Sa., 5.15 & 8.15. Return of BID FIELD in Harvey, with Athene Seyler. 2nd Year.

ST. JAMES'S, (Whi. 3903.) 7.15. Th. (Mat.) Mats., Tue., Thurs., & 2.30 Venus Observed, by Christopher Fry, Valerie Taylor, Geo. Relph, Hugh Sinclair, Kenneth & Leueen MacGowan.

ST. MARTIN'S, Tem. 1443. Evenings, 7.30 Sat. 6.0 & 8.30 Wed. 2.30. Ronald Ward, Mrs. Laura Mayhew in Sweet Yesterday.

SADLER'S WELLS, Ter. 1672. Opera & Ballet. Tonight 7. Die Fledermaus (with ballets). Thurs. 7.0. Don Giovanni.

SAVILLE, (Tem. 4011.) Tonight, 7.30. Th., 2.30. Sat., 5.15 & 8.15. Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Maisie Gilbert in The Disagreeables.

SAVOY (Tem. 4888.) 7.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. Joan Greenwood, Naunton Wayne, in Young Wives' Tale, by Ronald Jeans.

STOLL, (Hol. 3017.) Last week. 6 & 9.30. Tom Arnold's Ice Vogues. G. Coleclough, R. Dwyer-Joyce, Valda Hansen, Wilf Pickles, &c.

STRAND, (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Th. & Sat., 2.30. Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison in Queen Elizabeth Slept Here.

VAUDEVILLE, Tem. 4871. Evgs., 7.30. Tue. Fri., 5.30. Fay Compton in Seneventure, by Terence Rattigan. Last Week. NICHOLAS & DICK BENTLEY, the stars of Take It From Here, with Jon Pertwee.

VICTORIA PALACE, Vic. 1317. 2.30, 6.30 Snow White & The Seven Dwarfs. Last wk. Sats. 2 & 8. DANNY HOLMES, TROY HERMAN & DICK BENTLEY, the stars of Take It From Here, with Jon Pertwee.

WESTMINSTER, Vic. 0283. Evenings, 7.15. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. Flora Robson, Black Chiffon, Wilfrid Lawson, Anthony Ireland.

WHITEHALL, Whi. 6692. Evs., 8.30. Thurs., Sats., 2.30. "Worm's Eye View." 5th Year.

WINDMILL, Pre.-cert. Burnt-ville, 1918 revue. 2.30 & 8.30 (cert. 2.30). Last perf. 9 p.m. A VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION. "WE NEVER CLOSED."

WINTER GARDEN, Hol. 8551. PANTO LANE in famous Musical, We And My Girl. Evgs., 7.0. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30. Last 2 weeks.

WYNDHAM'S, Tem. 3028. 7.0. Th., Sats., 2.30. Edith Evans, Felix Aylmer, Frank Pettingell in Daphne Laweola, by J. Bridie. Last 2 wks.

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Opinion

Menace

PRESIDENT TRUMAN makes a momentous decision. He orders his scientists to develop the hydrogen bomb.

This is the weapon said to be potentially a thousand times more destructive than the most powerful atom bomb yet devised.

It is not known if Russia is making the new bomb.

But it is certain that Britain is not. Nor has she made one atom bomb of any kind.

Britain led the world in atomic experiments. Now she stands unprepared against the menace of the atom bomb and hydrogen bomb alike.

A grave responsibility rests on the Government that has allowed this situation to come about.

So swift to rise!

THE British public have had another shock about Germany.

Following the announcement of the ending of food rationing by the West German Government comes the news that in Dusseldorf shops British-made nylons are on sale at 9s. 11d. a pair along with poplin shirts at less than £1.

That such conditions exist indicates a staggering measure of recovery in the defeated enemy.

It is just as well to have the truth brought home in this striking way. Germany is once more a factor in Europe.

Her economic strength is flowing back. Her nationalism recovers along with it.

German Ministers speak with a self-confidence, at times with an insolence, unthinkable even a few months ago.

New political parties begin to creep out into the light, showing Nazi faces.

Watch for this

AND be sure that, as German nationalism revives, German militarism will follow.

It will begin by pointing out the need for defending the West against the Soviet East. At the same time, the Russians will be assured that Germany means to form a neutral bloc, that in fact Germany and Russia are necessary to one another.

All this calls for vigilance and resolute policy on the part of our statesmen. More and more are these qualities likely to be needed in the days to come.

They take a chance

AS for the food decision, nobody need suppose that Germany has suddenly become a paradise of freedom and plenty.

It seems probable that the German Ministers are taking a calculated risk. But they are doing so because the food supplies in their country are now adequate to permit of such a risk.

And they have decided that the choice is between a risk which carries the prize of quick recovery—and the dreary drag of rations which carries with it no hope of early recovery at all.

Their best hope

GERMANY means to try to snap out of it.

Freedom of economic activity. Incentive to economic activity.

Old, tested, traditional methods. The methods that our fathers would have followed without question.

The Germans think those methods still work. And certainly when they look at Britain and see how Socialist methods have not brought the country one inch nearer recovery and independence—what else can the Germans think?

As Germans see it

SOCIALISTS in Britain resent the German decision. They are worried lest it should influence the electorate here. The voters must somehow be convinced that, without Jay, Strachey, and Cripps, Britain can never earn her living.

So be it noted: The German decision has been taken with only German interests in mind.

The Germans are not concerned with Britain or the British election, or the political future of the controls-for-ever boys.

Having studied the effect of a regulated economy here and elsewhere, they want to avoid a similar stagnation. Even if risks must be taken in the process.

Talking point

Tolerance is only another name for indifference.—Somerset Maugham.

AWAY FROM IT ALL . . . . . by SILES

"This ought to be good for a new pair of skates each if we don't tell Mum."

Pickles's people don't do it for the money!

ROY RICH

ON RADIO

THE B.B.C. says it is going to "drop" cash-quiz programmes. That's good!

In the same breath it announces that "Have A Go" will disappear from programmes. That doesn't make sense.

If "Have A Go" is a cash-quiz—in the sense that it is a radio-evil pandering to the lowest common denominator in entertainment—then I have missed the point of the greatest-hearted programme in British radio.

If the B.B.C. really wishes to take any suggestion of financial gain out of this programme it will take WILFRED PICKLES just two minutes of thought to put the matter right.

He will probably give the contestants an orange each—and it will not make the slightest difference to the value of his show.

Those villagers, these townsfolk, these old-age pensioners, these chuckling children do not take part in the programme for the money that Wilfred hands out.

They take part in it because they *enjoy* it!

I paid a "check-up" visit to the 151st edition last Wednesday, and was filled again with awe at Pickles's talent for making people talk to him.

There is a growing legend in this country that the French and Italians are making better films than we are because their peoples are less inhibited and have more natural acting talent than our own folk.

The more I listen to "Have A Go" the harder I find that to believe.

Under Pickles's direction, all sorts and conditions of people become relaxed, spontaneous.

What nonsense to smother this abundance of natural radio talent because the fun fee happens to work out at 30s. 6d. a "Go."

☆ TOO FAMILIAR

THE new offering from GODFREY WINN—"My Week" (*Saturday, Light, 8 p.m.*)—is the worst thing of its kind I have heard.

First, for irritating familiarity. Talking of breakfasting with Lady Mountbatten his dialogue began: "'Edwina,' I said . . ."

Second: He reported what he had said to a herring-girl last week at Grimsby Docks—that ALAN LADD would be a vast disappointment to that young lady in particular, and to film fans in general, because "when I met him in Hollywood he only came up to my shoulder."

As Mr. Winn is not abundantly blessed with inches himself, that makes Mr. Ladd the highest paid dwarf in the film industry.

☆ SHOOTING PACK

THERE are three radio names one has only to criticise to turn letter-writing listeners into a pack of Sicilian blood-feuders.

Last week I commented on the brawling studio visitors who support FRANKIE HOWERD'S "Variety Bandbox"—with the result that the critic-shooting season has now opened.

There is a Mr. Williams, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who knows more expletives than I do; there is a Mr. Levy, of Manchester, who guarantees to show me a Mancunian audience making as much noise as the crowd in the "Bandbox" studio. There is a woman—little does she know it, she lives in the next street to me—who doubts my credentials.

When all is said and done, I didn't say a word against Frankie Howerd. I think he is very funny. I merely said the customers were getting too noisy again.

Oh, yes. The other two stars one daren't criticise without a barrage of personal abuse: JIMMY EDWARDS, STINKER MURDOCH.

THE BLACK CITY

James Cameron REPORTS:

Of those 60 Wasted Lives a Day, too many come from here

THE tendency is to avoid the argument, to dodge too close consideration of something shameful that one cannot personally change.

We explained yesterday that about 400 people die of TB every week in Britain—which one imagines is shocking enough—and that in Glasgow alone the number of cases waiting for a bed has risen from 137 in 1939 to about 1,500 today.

The fundamentally misleading thing about vital statistics is that they are not vital.

The case-histories build up in files, prepared by conscientious people, distressed at their helplessness. They have a dismal resemblance:—

ALEX B., aged 34. Two apartments, eight in family, three under four years. Wife supports home, total income £4 5s. On waiting list—he is No. 500—eight months. Positive.

DONALD B., aged 32. One room, six in family, three under four years. Advanced case, nursed by wife, who shares bed with patient *and* two babies. Sanitary facilities shared by 29 people, drains blocked.

JOHN S., aged 29. One room, five in family. . . .

I went to see the places where people live. It is ten years or more since I had been into the jungle of basic Glasgow; I had forgotten so much; it was good for me to see it again.

Degrading slums

I HAVE, I think, seen slums as degraded in the West Indian alleys, the bustees of Calcutta—but no worse, and they at least were washed in the disinfecting sun; not dark and noisome and dripping like this, with the mist seeping through the rot and the gross disgust and hopelessness.

There men lay in recess-beds, with the fever and stink of four children swarming around the single room; a desperate pale wife anchored for ever within the four walls, the pot on the fire, a mass of litter in the jawbox, an appalling closet on the stair used, or not used, by five families. All around—the damp, grey, formidable sprawl of Glasgow.

In these places people *still* keep courage, and self-respect—somehow—but they do not recover from tuberculosis. The man will die, and possibly his wife; after a while a child will abruptly die of pneumonia; who is to say how deep the tubercle dug through that unhappy household?

That is a commonplace, if you like. That is the reservoir of infection that has lifted Glasgow's notified TB cases by more than 5,000 in ten years.

Delay . . . Delay

WHEN I came out of the place I bought an evening paper and it said:—

The new campaign to curb the growth of tuberculosis, for which medical authorities have been preparing for months, has been suspended. The supplies of vaccine which were to have been flown from Copenhagen for administration to families in close contact with tuberculin infection have been held up.

The Department of Health for Scotland said: "Certain technical difficulties have arisen . . which make it necessary to suspend the operation of anti-tuberculosis arrangements in this country. The problems involved are under consideration by responsible medical authorities."

Nearly 3,000 cases a year in one city alone. Fifteen hundred consumptives waiting for treatment. Seven people living in a tuberculous room, and no vaccine. The problems involved are under consideration.

Alex B. lies in a foetid single-end and coughs his heart out, and three-year-old Willie plays by the box-bed. In a little while the Health Visitor will come and say to be careful where he coughs. But no sanatorium for Alex B., no vaccine for Willie. The problems involved are under consideration.

What has become of us, that people do not stamp and fight for a better world than this? There is no room in the hospitals because there are not enough nurses to staff them.

WHY are there not enough nurses to staff them?

WHAT has happened to our people, that "technical difficulties" hold up the vaccine, that lack of nurses keeps 1,500 lung cases in one city out of sanatoria snowballing their infection, always in the prime of life, if you can call it life?

We are asking a lot. We are asking women to take up a disagreeable job—underpaid, full of bad conditions; a job held in contempt but by a few very splendid exceptions with vocations.

No nursing is fun, and TB nursing is less fun than most—dull, repetitive, tedious, ill-rewarded. There are some especially galling anomalies in the treatment of TB nurses.

BUT SOMEONE HAS GOT TO DO IT; THE BEDS MUST BE OPENED.

We are asking for a new official attitude towards tuberculosis. It is a national problem, not a municipal or regional problem.

If there are more patients than beds in Glasgow, and momentarily more beds than patients in, say, Leicester, then the load must be shed, distributed. It should be simple today, when all hospitals are unified in the Health Service.

The right expert

WE are asking that the local expert—the Medical Officer of Health, who knows his problems better than anyone—should be permitted to nominate urgent priorities for available beds from his waiting-list.

Now they are left to the discrimination of the Regional Board, which tends to resent the introduction of long-term patients, preferring a quicker clinical turnover.

It is hard to believe that if a man with a gun were abroad in the land, destroying 400 people a week, some violent ginger would not be applied to methods of restraining him.

This agency with the tubercle-bomb works more slowly, more subtly, more pitilessly. And if it is not destroyed it will destroy us.

TOMORROW

The Campaign continues . . .

If you feel you *want* more sleep

. . . YOU REALLY DO *NEED* IT!

IF you always need an alarm clock to wake you in the morning you are not getting enough sleep to keep you really healthy.

Normal people getting all the sleep they need wake naturally. London nerve-specialist Dr. Denis Williams says so in a medical report published today.

The old English proverb that "six hours' sleep is enough for any man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool" is medically unsound. Many people need ten hours' sleep to feel fully refreshed.

"The amount of sleep needed for an individual's well-being is determined by what he feels he needs, not by what other people, including the doctor, think is reasonable." Dr. Williams writes in the Practitioner.

But people who habitually have only five hours' sleep—which, according to Williams, includes most folk who claim they "don't sleep a wink"—rarely show signs of physical exhaustion.

The bad effects of insomnia are almost entirely due to worry brought about by the belief that prolonged lack of sleep is bound to be injurious.

As the chart shows, a night's sleep for most people is made up of two bouts of deep slumber with an in-between period of restlessness.

Three types

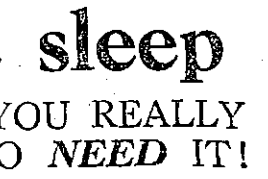
The slumber rhythm of people with insomnia depends on which of the three types of sleeplessness they suffer from.

TYPE 1: Those who have difficulty in getting off to sleep—miss the first trough of deep slumber altogether, but make up for it by going further into unconsciousness during the second one.

TYPE 2: Those who are wide awake too early—come back fully into consciousness after the first deep sleep.

TYPE 3: The restless, vivid dreamers who wake up repeatedly throughout the night. Their sleep-curve looks like the edge of a saw.

THE DEPTH OF SLEEP



You fidget at the peaks—slumber well at the troughs

The only cure for insomnia is to root out the basic cause, says Williams. Commonest source of sleeplessness is mental tension brought about by anxiety, worry, overwork, or over-excitement.

Sedatives

Dr. Williams recommends the use of sleep drugs provided these are taken under medical supervision.

He writes: "There is no need for a patient to suffer from persistent and serious lack of sleep for the lack of one of the harmless sedatives which are available today."

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

WELL has Lady Cabstanleigh been described as a rose-red hostess, half as old as Time.

When she burst (if I may so express myself) upon the world people had seen nothing like her since the eccentric Baroness Kuypersegge, who carried a silver ladder for small admirers to climb, when they wished to whisper some naughtiness or other in her great Harland and Wolf ear. Today Lady Cabstanleigh is still as formidable as ever, with a voice like the foghorn of Ailly, a waist that only an army could encircle, and a presence as overwhelming as the Matterhorn. I shall shortly have the pleasure of publishing extracts from her autobiography, "It Was Fun Being Me," an execrable title chosen by the poor hack who wrote the book.

Pardonable error

CONTEMPORARY thinkers, frantic with anxiety, may be pardoned for getting confused. In many cases bamboo shoots were flown to film actresses and bed-jackets to animals in the Zoo.

The Narkover scandal

. . . The Governing Body, therefore, deem it essential that you, as headmaster, should explain how these ridiculous and harmful rumours originated. You should also, at once, issue a categorical denial of the newspaper report of bookies in control of a house at Narkover. It was this report, no doubt, which led to the receipt by us of a letter offering to establish a training stables in the annexe to the Music Schools. The truth about the School, in its present regrettable era of decay, is horrifying enough, without the addition of such fantastic stories as the one to which we refer. You will, of course, dismiss Mr. Warblow at once, if there is the slightest truth in the report that he has become a bookie. Meanwhile, I am requested to say, on behalf of the Governors, that they expect from you, as headmaster, untiring vigilance. On you depends the moral welfare of a great school in a period of stress. . . .

Further elucidations

WHAT has been said, from whatever point of view, makes it inadvisable at present to introduce any comment of a revelatory nature into what I may have to say at some future date on the subject or subjects then under consideration—or partly—seeing that they are now not only premature, but rightly so, unless reasonably understood as being outside whatever is to be done at present. Nevertheless, it is true that what may be developing, if possible, cannot be connected with anything in the interests of which there is no scruple to withhold whatever could seem to be advanced on any side as a definite statement involving agreement or disagreement in the quarters fully concerned.

(C. Suet, Esq.)

LI.G. . . . A PROPHECY OF PERIL

Election Notebook
by TREVOR EVANS

FOR sentimental and personal, if not political, reasons I hope this forecast will prove to be untrue.

The pundits of all parties down in Cardiff say that the two LLOYD GEORGES — LADY MEGAN in Anglesey and MAJOR GWILYM in Pembroke — are likely to lose their seats.

It would end a 60 years' epoch which began when the first great Lloyd George entered the House. Historic families such as the Cecils and the Stanleys may claim no longer uninterrupted family representation. But since democracy was really practised the Lloyd George era will take some beating.

The dismal analysts in Cardiff go further. They prophesy that when in the wilderness Lady Megan will turn Left and join the Socialists, Major Gwilym will turn Right to the Tories.

I doubt, however, if the Lloyd George spirit will curl up at the first rebuff.

The last election returns confirm the peril. Lady Megan had a 1945 majority of only 1,081 in a straight fight with a Socialist. This time there is a Tory in the field. Major Gwilym's last majority was only 168.

☆ *THERE MAY be only two major parties in this election, but candidates are using 31 different labels.*

HOPE FOR FOUR

I HAVE had my "cards marked" by my closest and best informed Communist friend.

The Communists, with 100 candidates, hope, without real conviction, that most of their candidates will be returned.

But they EXPECT to get four M.P.s—in this order:—

1. WILLIE GALLACHER (West Fife), 2. HARRY POLLITT (East Rhondda), 3. J. BETTERIDGE (Hackney South), and 4. FINLAY HART (West Dumbartonshire). Only Gallacher was an M.P. last time.

Intriguing omissions: the names of MR. PHIL PIRATIN, M.P., MR. JOHN ROSS CAMPBELL, Daily Worker editor, who challenges MR. HECTOR McNEIL at Greenock, or MR. PALME DUTT, the party's most influential "back-room" boy.

☆ *SENIOR Minister who gained the most unqualified praise inside his own party for remaining "unspotted" after nearly five years of office*—GEORGE TOMLINSON, *Minister of Education.*

He faces a three-cornered fight at Farnworth (Lancs), compared with a straight fight last time. Last majority: nearly 14,000—enough to see him "home" again.

RADIO

HOME—312.1 m.
6.30 Harton Colliery Band.
6.55 Weather. 7 News.
7.15 Record Roundabout
7.50 Lift Up Your Hearts
7.55 Weather. 8 News.
8.15 In the Kitchen.
8.30 Morning Music.
9 Arensky: The Kantrovitch Trio.
9.30 Man-eating Sharks: Sir Arthur Grimble.
9.45 Schools.
10.15 Service.
10.30 Music While You Work: Falkman.
11 Schools.
12 Break for Music.
12.25 Up the Pole.
12.55 Weather. 1 News.
1.10 The Eye-Witness.
1.30 Record Variety Bill.
2 Schools.
3 Matinee: two plays.
4 Music Room.
4.30 Twenty Questions.
5 Children's Hour.
5.55 Weather. 6 News.
6.15 Sport.
6.20 Serenade: George Mitchell Choir.
6.45 The Night Sky in February.
7 Henry Hall's Guest Night.
7.45 American Commentary.
8 Symphony Concert: Solomon, piano.
9 Big Ben Minute; News
9.15 Concert—contd.
10.10 Bridge.
10.15 Man and the Clock: talk.
11-11.3 News Summary

LIGHT—1,500 m., 261.1 m.
9 News.
9.10 Housewives' Choice
10 Robinson Cleaver: organ.
10.30 Forces Education.
10.45 Music While You Work: Falkman's Band.
11 Grenadier Guards Band.
11.45 Short Story.
12 Mrs. Dale's Diary.
12.15 Band Call: Variety Orchestra.
1 Welsh Orch.: Peter Mountain, violin.
1.45 Listen With Mother.
2 Woman's Hour.
3 Melody Hour.
4 Mrs. Dale's Diary.
4.15 Victor Silvester's Orchestra.
5 Music of the Masters: Elgar.
6 On Our Way: Review for the under-twenties

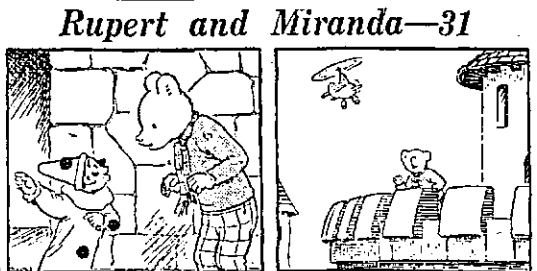
6.45 Dick Barton.
7 News and Newsreel.
7.25 Sport.
7.30 Family Favourites.
8 The Great Adventure: play, Edward Chapman
9.30 Have A Go!
10 News.
10.15 Topic for Tonight
10.20 Out of Doors.
10.35 Design for Dancing: Geraldo's Orch.
11 Book at Bedtime.
11.15 Drifting and Dreaming: Felix Mendelssohn.
11.56-12 News Summary

THIRD PROGRAMME
514.6 m., 203.5 m.
6 p.m. The Nature of the Universe.
6.40 Dowland and Campian: songs and guitar.
7 The Trial: play, with Hugh Burden and Cyril Cusack.
8.20 Bartok: Peter Studien, piano.
8.35 The Trial: Part 2.
10 Vivaldi: extracts from oratorio.
10.35 The House: readings.
11.10-11.50 Brahms: Æolian String Quartet.

TELEVISION
11-12 Film. 3-3.5 Alibi Breaker: film. 8.30 The Fight for Mr. Lapraik: play, with Walter Fitzgerald. 9.5 Picture Page. 9.50 Newsreel. 10.5-10.20 News.

Do you listen to 'Have a Go'? Then watch this page tomorrow

Rupert and Miranda—31



At Rupert's question the clown pauses. "I'm a very busy person," he says. "I mustn't wait here. I've got lots of other things to do." "Oh dear, what about Jennifer?" cries Rupert. "Aren't we going to see if the little Princess really wants Miranda? Must I go home already?" He pouts out his questions and the other smiles mysteriously. "No you're not coming with me yet," he says. "You stay here and see what happens. I'll come back for you all in good time." He runs to the little plane and in a moment he is gone.

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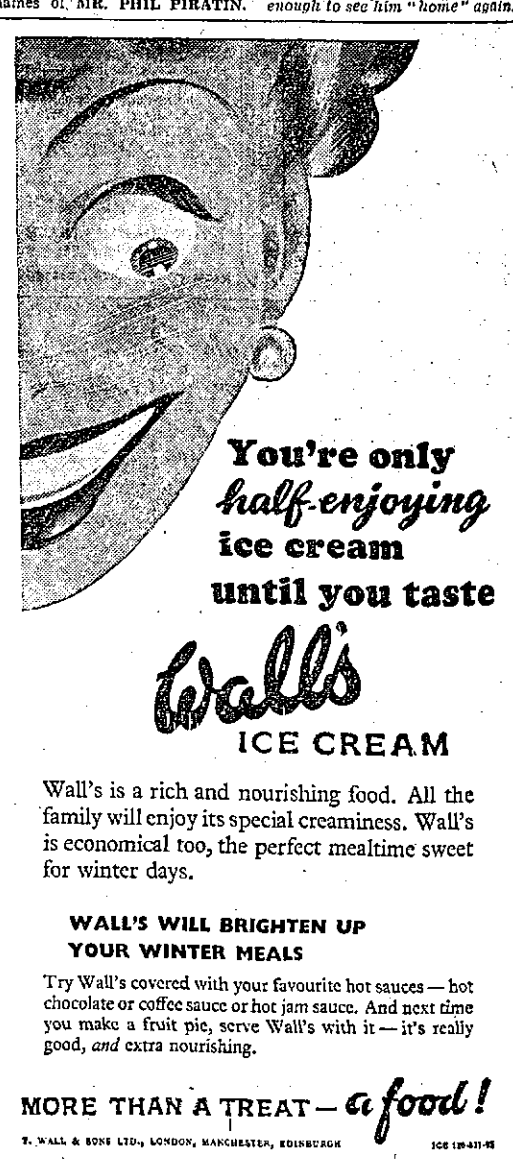

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